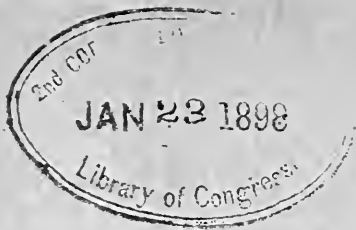


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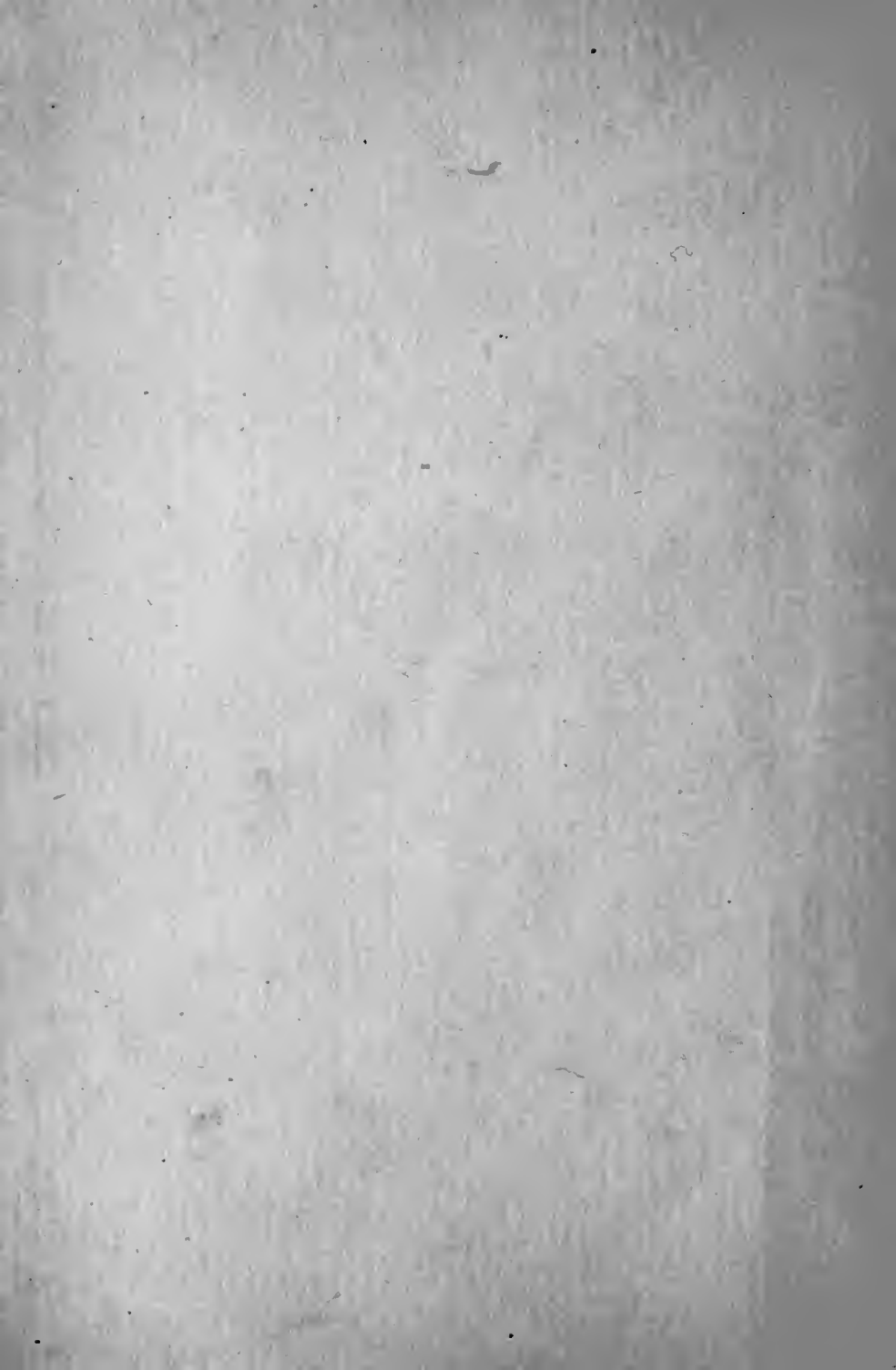
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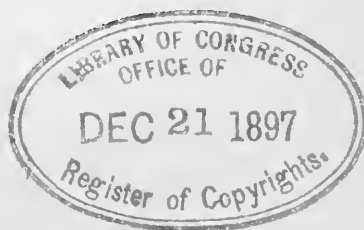


HOME POEMS,

—BY—

KATE LOUISE WHEELER.

[1897]



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TELEGRAPH PUBLISHING CO.
NASHUA, N. H.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

I am a New Hampshire girl. I have written these poems in the interests of Christian Endeavor. My friends are so much pleased with them that I have had them published for our mutual benefit.

KATE LOUISE WHEELER.

To
MY BELOVED MOTHER

THESE VERSES ARE INSCRIBED,

BY

KATE L. WHEELER.

"Thou'lt ne'er be poor nor quite alone,
Whilst thou a mother call'st thine own."

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POEMS.

THE OLD GRANITE STATE.

The New Hampshire Christian Endeavor State Song.

Tune, "How Firm a Foundation."

The State of New Hampshire is dear to us all,
Her hills and her mountains respond to the call,
Her onflowing rivers in gladness awake
||To sound forth the praises of Old Granite State.||

Her heroes undaunted in times of distress
'Neath the flag of the union went forth with the
rest;
When duty is calling and danger is nigh
||The Old Granite State will conquer or die.||

Her sons and her daughters are loyal and brave,
'Neath the banner of Christ they march onward
to save;
In the battle for right which they undertake
||As firm as the granite in Old Granite State.||

From loftiest height to lowliest shore
New Hampshire, our home land, is our's evermore!
"For Christ and the Church" she resounds the
glad call,
||The Old Granite State sends a greeting to all.||

THY PLACE.

Do not dream away life's morning,
Rise to bless as does the sun;
Let no shadow fall about thee,
Till thy given work is done.

Look not downward, to the valley,
Blessings come from heights above;
Falter not upon thy journey,
Let each effort teem with love.

Tho' thy life work may be humble,
Keep a brave and trusting heart;
Do it well, it is thy portion,
God himself assigned the part.

There is not on earth another—
Even monarch of the throne—
Who can fill thy place so nobly,
As thyself, thyself alone.

If a few shall rise above thee,
And the world their deeds applaud,
Do not let their fame depress thee,
None can judge thee save thy God.

CONSTANCY.

He makes the most of life, who soonest learns
That 'tis not best to try for heights too high,
Nor yet to be content with vales too low;
But day by day upon his upward way,
Accepts the possible for which he yearns,
Rejects those things that far beneath him lie,
And asks the strength of slow success, to know,
Which gains the Heaven for which we mortals pray.

FAIREST DAYS.

The sun is flooding all the land and sky,
The waves are dancing o'er the deep blue sea;
The world is gay and yet, they say, not I—
Since absence makes a gulf 'tween you and me.

When you were here the clouds were in the sky,
The rain-drops fell, the sun was hid from view;
The world was dull and yet, they say, not I—
For my gay world is centred, love, in you.

When you are near no matter what the sky,
No matter what the sea nor what the weather;
The world is gay and so, my love, am I—
The days are fairest when we are together.

MY PETITION.

O let me say one little word,
Ere I depart,
To soothe one sorrow,
Teach one truth,
And help one heart!

O let me sing one little song,
Before I go,
To wake one wanderer,
Lift one load,
And wing one woe!

O let me breathe one little prayer,
While yet I live,
To bring one blessing,
Heal one hurt,
One sin forgive!

O let me write one little song,
Ere life is o'er,
To cause one comfort,
Save one soul,
Forever more!

IMPERISHABLE MELODIES.

Around the world they ring to-day,
And they will ring forever;
Like beauteous birds that sweetly sing,
Good cheer and comfort they shall bring;
And saving souls along the way,
Will be forgotten never.

Both autocrat and peasant poor,
With heaven born inspiration,
Composed these grand and soulful themes
That wake the dreamer from his dreams,
And shall, while patriot rights endure,
Arouse a loyal nation.

The mighty chimes ring out the fame
Of him who wrote with feeling,
And while sweet symphonies prolong,
He lives again to move the throng,
And preaches in Jehovah's name
From spires where bells are pealing.

MOTHER.

In all the wide world there is not another
Whose name is so dear as the sweet name of mother.
The babe's tiny head finds it's most perfect rest,
When pillowed from harm on the fair mother breast;
The youth, from all sorrow, temptation and care,
Seeks the warm mother heart and finds comfort there;
The woman, whose virtues are whispered above,
Will daily thank God for the dear "mother love;"
The man, be he lover, or husband, or brother,
Will ever hold sacred the love of his mother.

Tho' the years may have turned her tresses to gray,
And the rose from her cheek may have faded away,
Tho' her step, once so light, may have feebled with
age,

And her eyes may have grown too dim for the page,
Tho' the hand that was once so dainty and fair,
May have changed with the seasons of toiling and
care,

Tho' the voice that to youth and it's freedom belongs,
May have lost all its sweetness for lullaby songs,
Yet the years that shall make the dear mother grow
old,

Will but add to her nature a blessing untold; —
Tho' they rob her of youth, she retains, as a prize,
A love more mature and a counsel more wise.
Tho' her life lose it's sunshine and burdens oppress,
Yet the love of the mother will never be less;

Tho' her children may wander away from the fold,
And the world shuts them out in the darkness and
cold,

Tho' their friends may prove faithless and sin may
allure,

Yet of mother's true love they can ever be sure.

Tho' to far away lands they may wilfully roam,

The fond mother's prayer will be guiding them home.

If they climb to the height of honor and fame,

They should whisper, in credit, the dear mother
name.

Her love inspires all that is noble and good,

And Purity reigneth o'er sweet mother-hood.

Tho' the great world applaud, the praise of another
Is nothing compared with the praises of mother.

The earth home is dreary, when she is away,

Her presence adds sunshine to each changing day,

And Heaven, in it's glory, will be the more fair,

When the spirit of mother shall find entrance there.

HIDDEN TREASURES.

Beneath the waves of ocean blue,
The precious pearls are lost from view;
Within the darkness of the mine,
The gold and uncut diamonds shine;
From human sight beneath the sky,
The little seeds in waiting lie.

Within the mind, like pearls of white,
Some hidden thoughts await the light;
Which, brightly polished, shall outshine
The varied treasures of the mine;
And like the seeds that wake to flowers,
Shall bless and brighten all life's hours.

IN LIFE AND DEATH.

I see her smile in sleep
And to her crib I creep
To kiss the baby face where dimples play ;
I smooth her sunny hair
And breathe to God a prayer
That He will teach me how to lead the way.

I see her smile in sleep
And to her couch I creep
To kiss the saintly face where peace doth stay ;
I smooth her silvery hair
And breathe to God a prayer
That He will teach me how to find the way.

PROGRESS.

He, who to elevate himself
Labors with earnest will,
Forgets, that should he wisely try
To elevate the minds near by
And public needs to fill,
Will still continue to advance
And while their cause he does enhance
Will be their teacher still.

ONLY A LITTLE FELLOW.

He was only a little fellow
With a very plain little face
And his teacher said,
With a shake of the head :
“ Dan never can keep his place.”

He was only a little fellow
With a mouth neither rosy nor sweet
And his father said,
With a shake of the head :
“ Dan always is under my feet.”

He was only a little fellow
With eyes neither brilliant nor gay
And his mother said,
With a shake of the head :
“ Dan always is in my way.”

He was only a little fellow
With a little turned up nose
And his sister said,
With a shake of the head :
“ Dan must keep away from my beaux.”

He was only a little fellow
With tumbled apron and hair
And his brother said,
With a shake of the head :
“ Dan is out of place in there.”

He was only a little fellow
 But at last there came a day
 When every one said,
 With a shake of the head :
 "Dan never was in the way."

He was only a little fellow
 Yet the neighbors came in to weep
 While the baby face,
 In a rose-decked place,
 Was calm in eternal sleep.

He was only a little fellow
 Who left his books and his play ;
 At the Saviour's call,
 Where there's room for all,
 He will never more be in the way.

UNDER THE PINES.

Under the pines, on a summer's day,
I list to a whisper from far away,
And, lying low, with my half-closed eyes,
Behold the beauty of fairer skies.
Some say 'tis the sound of the sighing sea,
Whose distant murmur steals over me;
Some say 'tis the baby breeze instead,
That rocks in the branches overhead;
But I know it is neither wave nor breeze,
On shining sands and in leafy trees;
'Tis the music sweet of a voice divine,
That whispers peace to each pensive pine.

PRAYER.

Pray not for self if thou wouldst be most blest,—
The prayers for others are for self the best.
Christ is not first if self be first in prayer;
He blesses most when we for others care.
Forget thyself if thou wouldst Christlike be,
Praying for others, some will pray for thee.
While self's own burdens are of prayer a part
"Thy kingdom come" is prayed not from the
heart.

Pray not for light to solve thy problems right,
But be thyself to other souls a light.
God gave thee mighty strength to help the weak,
And yet thy prayers of thine own weakness speak;
God gave thee power to comfort and to teach,
And lift souls up to heights they strive to reach,
And yet thy prayers ascend to his white throne,
Pleading for comfort for thyself alone;
Thou prayest too for wisdom and release,
And hands to draw thee upward into peace,
Forgetting that which Christ would have thee
know,—

Peace comes to those who make peace here below;
Forgetting that His arms shall draw thee near
Only as thine are held to others here;
That wisdom comes to thee each passing hour
By teaching others what is in thy power;
That comfort comes by thy own word and deed,

Which comforts others in the hour of need.
If thou wouldst pray for self, ask God to give
More power in prayer that other souls may live.
To live right is to pray and to believe
That Christ will hear, and that "thou shalt receive."
Two gifts are thine, if thou wouldst pray aright,—
Peace here below, and Heaven's eternal light.

OUR BABY.

When baby's soul is claimed beyond the skies,
And little eyes are closed in final sleep;
When angels hush our darling's cooing cries,
What words are there to comfort those who weep?

When broken playthings, lying on the floor,
And treasured toys have all been put aside,
When baby wakes to play with them no more,
And fondest hopes that brightened life have died;

When dimpled hands no longer seek the face,
And baby lips no more shall feel the kiss;
When tiny feet have found their resting-place,
What shall be said in such an hour as this?

When baby's crib is idly standing near,
And cherished form is laid from human sight,
When loved ones think they even now can hear
The little cry that woke them in the night;

When mother puts the baby gowns away,
And 'round her neck can almost seem to feel
Those clinging arms, whose touch will with her stay,
What helpful thoughts can Sympathy reveal?

A HALO.

No mortal can unhappy be
Who lives for other's good,
And takes an interest in the lives
Of happy brother-hood.

Depression that destroys the mind
Will thereby disappear,
And gloom will all be swept away
In radiant atmosphere.

THE DESERTED FARM.

An unkept field, whose grasses greet the sun,
And pure, white daisies spread like fallen snow;
The shady nooks, where trout brooks gaily run,
And, 'mong the trees, the farm-house quaint and
low.

Like some worn soldier on the battle fields
It stands upon the old familiar ground,
And to the past it's former strength it yields,
While naught but desolation broods around.

'Neath shutters closed the phœbe builds her nest,
While near the eaves the little sparrows fly;
All undisturbed they sing their young to rest,
As did a mother in the years gone by.

The wicker gate is falling to decay,
The narrow paths with growing weeds abound;
The long, low shed thro' which the sunbeams stray,
Is leaning eastward to the grassy ground.

The barn door creaks upon it's hinges old;
The prop that stayed it from the winds that blow
No more stands guard against the heat and cold—
The summer's rain and winter's drifts of snow.

The lofts, once laden with the new mown hay,
No longer echo with the merry din;
From beam to beam, where children loved to play,
The spiders many a silken cobweb spin.

No more the tinkle of the distant bell
Disturbs the hush of daylight's waning hours;
The pasture bars, beside a covered well,
Are twined with grape-vines and with fair wild
flowers.

The "Bouncing Bet" is growing near the gate,
The climbing roses bloom beside the door;
The brave "Sweet William," left alone to fate,
Has struggled upward thro' the grass once more.

The clover blossoms, pink and white and red,
Fill all the balmy air with perfume sweet;
The honey-suckle proudly bends its head
Close to the door-stone worn by many feet.

Where once a maiden slied a bit of green
Within her shoe, and there expectant stood,
To-day the self same "Grandma's pride" is seen,—
A little bunch of fragrant southern-wood.

The low-eaved porch supports the clinging vine,
While thro' the roof the summer rain-drops fall;
Upon the floor a rusty hook and line,
A well-worn bench and silence over all.

A well-sweep, overgrown with moss and mould,
Shelters a hornet's nest within it's nook;
Above the running waters clear and cold
An old tin dipper hangs upon it's hook.

The dull-edged scythe swings idly in the sun,
A grindstone crumbles 'neath the maple's shade;
A cart-wheel and the faded coat of one
Who long ago beneath the sod was laid.

Tho' gone the smile of each familiar face
And merry voices break no more the calm,
Yet Memory sweet shall hallow all the place
And flood with peace the old deserted farm.

SEED THOUGHTS.

The celebrated Author pens
His thorough thoughts from depths of mind,
And they are not in proper place
Until the depths of our's they find.

The wisest reader may perceive,
In writings that shall ever live,
A reflex of his own wise thoughts
That to the world he did not give;

But to the mind of him who learns,
They are as seeds of knowledge brought
That soon take root and rarefy
Into a whole great field of thought.

SCHOOL.

Life is a school for all man-kind,
Where daily lessons are assigned
And each may do his best;
God is the Master who will teach
The truths that lie within our reach
And leave to us the rest.

Each has his proper place at start
And each can learn his little part
If earnestly he tries;
Altho' his standard may be low,
He surely to the head will go
Who on himself relies.

Each has a chance among the rest
To do his worst or do his best
And his must be the choice,—
Either to break the golden rule
And cause confusion in life's school,
Or heed the Master's voice.

The discipline is not severe,
Altho' the Master we should fear.
To keep us from a wrong;
There is no need to sigh and fret,
Or to despair, with lashes wet,
Because our task seems long.

The lessons that so oft' we spurn
We know that some time we must learn,
Then why should we delay?
He stays behind who is the dunce,
The wisest does his task at once
And goes upon his way.

The Master's sympathy prevails
With him who tries altho' he fails,
For He will help not chide;
When rest and honors have been won
He hears the Master say: "Well done,"
And he is satisfied.

THE GRACES.

Faith, the angel of my prayer,
Hope, to lighten every care,
Love, to lift life's heavy yoke,
These the graces I invoke;
But the greatest of the three
Is the last—sweet charity.

SUNSHINE.

The sunshine makes the flowers grow,
They cannot thrive in shade;
If naught but darkness did they know
Their brightness soon would fade.

Our lives require the sunlight's glow,
They cannot thrive in gloom;
If naught but darkness did they know
Bright hopes would never bloom.

The sunny smiles that make life bright
And bless the passing hours,
Will do for souls that need the light
What sunshine does for flowers.

"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?"

Will it matter, by and by,
When he calls us each by name,
Whether you, or whether I,
Win earth's honor and earth's fame?

Onward, in the rush of life,
For the prizes of the race,
Shall we mingle in the strife
Crowding others out of place?

Shall we seek Ambition's goal,
Where the earthly treasures stay,
Passing by some helpless soul
Who has lost the Heavenly way?

If no kindness we have shown,
Seeking to be first of all,
Shall we gain a "welcome home"
When we hear the Master's call?

When life's busy day is past,
Will He question you and me
Who was first, and who was last,
In the worldly victory?

If earth's laurels we have won,
And Heaven's glories are denied,
Shall we hear the words: "Well done,"
And our souls be satisfied?

Ere the prize we seek is gone,
And the triumph comes too late,
Love of fame shall urge us on
But the angels whisper:—"Wait."

WHAT HE SAID.

“Come and play with me,” he said;
 And I saw his curly head
 • Peeping thro’ the fence below.
 He was four and I was three
 And he beckoned unto me
 So I could not say him no.

“Come and live with me,” he said;
 And I saw his manly head
 Where the threads of silver grow.
 He was passing forty-three
 And he pleaded long with me
 So I could not say him no.

HOME LIGHTS.

When the work of day is over,
And the weary hours are past,
Home lights, gleaming in the distance,
Fill the soul with joy at last.

Tho' the trials have been many,
And the world has proved unkind,
Lights of home make burdens lighter
And refresh the wearied mind.

Some one where the lights are shining,
Knows that you are very near;
Some one waits to bid you welcome,
And invites to rest and cheer.

Some one loves you; all life's crosses,
Which have seemed so hard to bear,
Are forgiven and forgotten,
When you see the home lights fair.

Some one knows that you are weary,
Some one waits to clasp your hand;
Some one watches near the home lights,
Who will surely understand.

Footsteps falter now no longer
O'er the distant homeward way;
There's a message in the home lights,
At the close of busy day.

When the work of life is over,
And the weary hours are past,
Home lights, in Eternal glory,
Satisfy the soul at last.

Tho' earth's trials have been many,
And the world unkind has been,
Lights of Home dispel life's burdens,
Christ will bid you:—"Enter in."

Some One, where the lights are shining,
Waits to give your soul release;
Some One waits to bid you welcome,
You shall find both rest and peace.

Some One loves you; all life's crosses,
Which once seemed so hard to bear,
Are forgotten in the glory
Of the Christ, who greets you there.

Some One knows that you are weary,
Some One gently takes your hand;
Some One knows your every weakness,
He—the Christ—will understand.

Footsteps falter now no longer,
O'er the weary earthly way;
There's a message in the Home lights,
At the close of life's brief day.

Thus on earth, and thus in Heaven,
Gleam the distant home lights fair;
Some one waits and some one watches,—
Some one here and Some One there.

Blessed home lights! May they ever
Shine for you and shine for me,
In the shadows of earth's journey
And through all Eternity.

CLOUDS AND COMFORT.

Tho' clouds arise, in fairest skies,
And sunlight glories steal away;
Tho' snow-flakes fall, on roof and wall,
Till all the world is chill and gray;
Yet why complain? The earth shall gain
An added glory from on high,
For rain and snow that fall below
Will bring more sunshine by and by.

Tho' doubts we find, within the mind,
And hope and pleasure steal away;
Tho' trials fall, to one and all,
Till life itself looks cold and gray;
Yet why despair? God has a care,
And He will comfort while we sigh,
For griefs and tears, within the years,
Will bring more blessings by and by.

ACTION.

Action is the golden key
That unlocks doors to set us free ;
Thro' which the trusting heart that sings
Shall find it's way to better things.

"FOR YOU I AM PRAYING."

When the hush of early morning
 Ushers in the sunbeams fair,
And another day is dawning,
 'Tis for you, I breathe a prayer.

Somewhere—all my love confessing
 Ere the busy day is here—
You will need the morning blessing,
 While the angels hover near.

Tho' I hear not what you're saying,
 And I know not where you are,
Yet for you I shall be praying,
 While the sunbeams fade the star.

When the moonbeams softly stealing
 Thro' my windows come to play,
And in robe of white I'm kneeling,
 'Tis for you I fondly pray.

Somewhere—all my love confessing
 Ere I close my eyes in sleep—
You will need the evening blessing,
 While the angels guard and keep.

Tho' I may not share your pleasure,
 And I may not know your care,
Yet while God's great love of treasure,
 I shall breathe your name in prayer.

SINCERITY.

To self and to God be loyal and true,
Fear not what others may say or may do,
 But what at best you appear;
Gird on your armor and stand for the right,
Honest in purpose and earnest in might,
 Then shall your soul be sincere.

Banish each doubt and deception and dream,
Be the real saint that to others you seem,
 Dare to face tempters alone;
Lift up your banner and fear not the foe,
Valiant in service wherever you go,
 Sincerity claimeth her own.

THE VEILED FUTURE.

A baby played beside a covered well,
And peeping thro' he saw the waters clear;
He clapped his hands, enchanted by the spell,
And knew not that the Reaper hovered near.

The sunlight flooded all the summer sky,
A little bird sang sweetly from her nest;
While troubled waters hushed his piteous cry
The baby soul had found it's perfect rest.

A woman stood among the flowers fair
And 'neath her bridal veil she blushed unseen;
She said: "I will," and breathed a silent prayer
And knew not that a shadow fell between.

An angel led her from the sacred place
And whispered of another's priceless love;
While smiles yet lingered on her happy face
The bride's pure soul had found it's joy above.

A manly figure near an altar stood
To consecrate his life to God on high;
He thought the future promised every good
And knew not that his summons sounded nigh.

The Sabbath sunshine bathed his cheek and brow,
And Hope deferred, now triumphed from his eyes;
While thrilled his soul with an unspoken vow
'Twas called to nobler work in Paradise.

When skies are brightest threatening clouds appear,
 'Thro' deepening shades the welcome sunlight
 steals;

When hearts are happiest sorrows hover near
 'Tis well for us that God the future shields.

LABOR OF LOVE.

He planted a tree, on the old home land,
Where the summer sunlight stayed,
Tho' he knew full well he should never stand
'Neath it's fruit and pleasing shade.

He penciled a book, in his life's last year,
When the inspiration came,
Tho' he knew his heart it could never cheer
With it's gold and certain fame.

But the leaves of his tree grew, day by day,
While it's fruit the hungry fed;
And the fruit of his book will ever stay
While it's leaves are daily read.

DO YOUR BEST.

Make the best of life today—
Take what God has given;
Do not falter on the way—
Each step leads to Heaven.

Tho' the journey may be long,
And the way be weary,
Make it shorter with a song—
Days will seem less dreary.

Let the sunshine fill your heart—
All it's shadows hiding;
Do your humble little part—
Leave to God the guiding.

Do not soar to highest things
'Till you have a reason;
He will give the soul it's wings
In his own good season.

Little robins in the nest—
Ere their wings are stronger—
Learn too late that it is best
To keep patient longer.

If you cannot do to-day
What you hope and plan,
God will show a better way,—
Do the best you can.

IMMORTALITY.

To live and learn, to die and to forget,
To be forgotten, in the by and by;
If this is all, why need we linger yet
To do our little part, or even try?

But is this all? We learn and we forget,
And are forgotten, on this earth below;
We live, we die, then, freed from vain regret,
We live again, and greater wisdom know.

IN THE HALL.

In the brilliant hall I waited,
'Mong the merry moving throng;
And I thought he was belated,
For it seemed I waited long.

Music mingled with the laughter,
Like a hush from Dreamland sent;
And the dancers followed after,
While the moments came and went.

Manly faces smiled a greeting,
Tender glances woke love's song;
But my heart tho' wildly beating,
To one only did belong.

Soon he touched me on the shoulder,
While his head to mine he bent;
And tho' other looks grew colder,
Yet my soul was quite content.

AT NIGHT.

At night when all the world is still,
And stars in glory shine,
There comes to earth a whisper sweet
Of peace and love divine.

And gazing upward to the sky,
Where million lights appear,
We seem to see the heaven beyond,
And feel that Christ is near.

The weary day is past and gone,
The angels sing again
Of glory to the God on high
And "Peace, good will toward men."

We seem to hear beyond the night
The music soft and sweet;
And laying all our burdens down,
We rest at Jesus' feet.

Our trusting hearts and hope of heaven
Have banished doubt and care,
And Christ is waiting to forgive,—
To answer every prayer.

This love immortal is our guide,
And shorter seems the way;
Beyond the stars and night of earth
Is home and endless day.

ONLY.

By courtesy of Ladies' World, New York City.

It was only a gleam of sunshine
After a day of gloom,
Yet it brought it's warmth and blessing
To a dreary, darkened room.

It was only a strain of music
Wafted upon the air,
Yet a heart caught up it's meaning,
Till Peace was a sovereign there.

It was only a smile of welcome
And a loving clasp of the hand,
Yet it made the world an Eden
To one who could understand.

It was only a word, low spoken,
To a spirit burden cast,
Yet the angels sang: "Good tidings,"
For it saved a soul at last.

THE HOLY DREAM.

His reverend head was bowed upon his hands ;
When in the lamp-light, thro' his study door,
Sleep's angel came, who wisely understands
How burdened hearts can be revived once more.

The day, with all it's quiet hours, was past ;
The sermon, that his weary brain prepared,
Had, with a hopeful heart, been preached at last,
And yet it seemed that not one listener cared.

Life's crosses looked too great for him to bear,
And Hope was crushed beneath his spirit's weight ;
His soul, at last, had yielded to despair
And prayed for freedom, ere it was too late.

The answer came, but not as he had prayed,—
Life conquered death and sleep had mastered all ;
Like some fond mother gently now she stayed
To soothe, and bless, and wake him at her call.

Sleeping he dreamed that, on her heavenly way,
The angel Death had listened to his prayer,
And led him upward to the endless day,
Beyond the valley known as Heart's Despair.

Above, the gates of Heaven were swinging wide,
And he beheld the City of the King ;
His angel friends were standing close beside,
Who, near the throne, the songs of Zion sing ;

And, as he looked, a chariot of gold
Was passing o'er the pavement pearly-laid;
A gleam of heavenly light he could behold
Whose radiance warmed his soul and with him
stayed.

"Who passes?" cried he; "Tell his honored name,
And whither will the golden chariot go?"
"To all the world," the answer sweetly came;—
"'Tis Christ, the King of Heaven and earth
below."

Then, in the brightness of that blessed light,
He followed on, with never-tiring speed;
The chariot wheels he ever kept in sight,—
For strength was given, in the hour of need.

The chariot stopped, beside a crystal stream,
And Christ, descending, loosed the reins of gold;
Then, gazing downward past the heavenly gleam,
"Here lies the earth," said he; "Come and
behold!"

The follower came, as comes the wandering dove,
When seeking shelter from the storms of night;
And as he looked from that great height above,
He saw below a strange and sickening sight;—

The earth was there, like some great marshy tract,
With crowds, like blind men, wandering to and
fro;

Some struggling upward, others falling back,
And crying out: "We know not where to go!"

He saw among them many of his own
To whom he preached the word of God each year;
There stood the little chapel, built of stone,
Where once he grieved, because some would not
hear.

The darkness came; he heard their piteous cry,—
Weeping and moaning sounded thro' the air,
As, one by one, they lost "the way" near by
And souls were yielding to a death's despair.

He saw it all as never seen before,—
His eyes were opened, now he could not stay;
Standing with Christ his spirit did implore:—
"O send me back, that I may point the way!"

Dreaming, he woke; the lamp was burning dim,—
The moon-beams thro' the casement softly crept;
A revelation had been made to him
Which changed his heart, the while he sweetly
slept.

Despair departed, love for life-work came;
The holy dream had made the man more wise.
He knelt to breathe a prayer in Jesus' name,
While angels sang in peaceful Paradise.

HARMONY AND HEAVEN.

Our souls are made of harmony
To sing and live forever;
For Harmony and Heaven are one
Where discord soundeth never.

THE DANDELION.

One day, in spring, I took a walk
And spied, within a field of green,
A slender dandelion stock,
Upon whose top a flower was seen.

Soon after, passing by the place,
I noticed that the flower of gold,
Whose stiffened stalk had lost it's grace,
Was turning gray and growing old.

To-day, upon the self same ground,
I see a stalk undecked and spare;
The flower that once was golden-crowned,
Has lost it's gray—it's head is bare.

How like a child is this gay flower,
With golden hair and graceful mien,
Which comes to brighten many an hour
And add a charm to dullest scene!

But soon the golden turns to gray
And middle life comes on apace;
The gray then hurries on its way,
And old age comes to take it's place.

LIVES AND LEAVES.

Our lives are like the leaves
That waken to the sun;
Some fall from airy heights
Ere Youth has scarce begun;

And some are tempest tost,
By an opposing power,
And driven blindly on
With every passing hour.

Some cling to their support,
In darkness and in light,
And grow from day to day
More perfect, strong, and bright.

God grant that lives and leaves,
When sunny days are past,
May find, from adverse winds,
A resting-place at last.

TO-DAY.

'Tis not so hard to do what God desires,
If, while we trust and labor on and pray,
We look not back upon a Past decried,
Nor forward to a Future yet untried,
But do what Conscience prompts and soul requires,
And live within the hours which make to-day.

The Past is gone. The failure and the wrong
We cannot expiate by vain regret;
Forgiven have they been, and if to-day
We wish to live more nearly as we pray,
We must awake a grander, sweeter song
Within those hours which have been given yet.

While pondering o'er the failures of the then,
We make a failure of the now and here;
For life to-day shall lose it's sunshine bright
If it recalls the shadows of last night.
While past mistakes possess the minds of men
The heart itself will have no power to cheer.

To-day we breathe, we move, we speak, we live,
To-morrow's sun for us may never rise.
All that we do, or hope to do, or say,
Must be confined within our short to-day,
And all the blessings that our life can give
Must be out-poured before the daylight dies.

As we shall hope for nobler, higher things,
While up life's mount we seek the Heavenly way
We must not measure, lest we may despair,
The height to be yet gained by work and prayer;
But like the lark, who soars and yet who sings,
Make most of time God gives in our to-day.

If future plans awaken thought and mind,
And we shall say:—"Some day, some hour, not
yet,"
We rob the now of that divine reward
Which follows duty, given us by God,
And in to-day no pleasure shall we find;
And thus to-day becomes a past regret.

There falls upon us yet the morning light,
And if to-day we gladly do our best,
Our life itself will be most pure and sweet,
For the to-days make up the life complete.
The "little things" are pleasing in God's sight,
And humble duties nobly done bring rest.

Then, Soul, awaken from thy drowsy sleep!
Dream not of past nor yet of future days,
But rouse thyself to-day to grander things.
The smile, the word, the loving deed take wings
To bear thy soul and others up the steep,
Where Life Eternal sings its endless praise.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT.

When shadows fall, and earth is gray,
Life seems less grand, the heart less gay;
The things that vexed in morning light,
Have grown to sorrows in the night.

When morning dawns, and earth is bright,
Life seems so grand, the heart so gay,
That Sorrows, nursed all thro' the night,
Wakened by Wisdom, fly away.

WITHIN THE GATES.

Live not for self,
But live for God;
Expect on earth
No great reward.

When life is o'er,
Thy Self shall stand
Within the gates
Of Promised Land.

OVER-SIGHT.

Earth is not filled with sunshine bright—
The rain-drops sometimes fall ;
And buds that might have seen the light
May blight at tempest's call.

Life is not filled with sunshine bright—
The tear-drops sometimes fall ;
And hopes that might have seen the light
May blight at sorrow's call.

But God, who sends the rain and tears
And knows what things are best,
Will also send the faith that cheers
And guides us to our rest.

GOING HOME.

"I am going home," she whispered,—

"Home to mamma and the rest;
So I'll put away my playthings,
For I think that home is best.

Mamma will be there to meet me,
And I'll sit on papa's knee;
All the others will be waiting
With a kiss for little me.

Look! it's getting dark already,
But there's nothing much to fear,
For it only takes a minute,—
Home, you know, is very near."

So she put away her playthings,
While they smoothed her golden curls,
And she sweetly smiled in parting
To the little boys and girls.

"I am going Home," she whispered,—
Home to Jesus and to rest;
So I'll put away my burdens,
For I think that Home is best.

Loved ones will be there to greet me,
I shall see and know them all;
There will be a glorious welcome
For the little me grown tall.

Look! the night is quickly coming,
But there's nothing I can fear,
For it only takes a moment,—
Home, you know, is very near."

So she put away life's burdens,
While they smoothed her silvery hair,
And she sweetly smiled in parting
For she found her Saviour there.

THE GARDENER.

He who shall sow the little seeds,
Must wait for them to grow;
Some day when he a solace needs
The pure, sweet flowers will blow.

When wintry storms their peace shall take,
And they are lost from sight,
These little seeds once more will wake,
To Heaven's eternal light.

AT YORK.

The moonlight falls upon the sea,
And leaves a path of glory;
The waves creep high upon the shore,
And roll the shining pebbles o'er;
Then, running back in noisy play
To meet the ever-dashing spray,
Like loyal lovers, gay and free,
Repeat the same sweet story.

The light-house, on the lonely isle,
Where shadows now are creeping,
Like sentinel, so true and brave,
Stands forth to stay each coming wave;
In raging storm as well as calm
This stalwart giant fears no harm,
And thro' the night keeps watch the while
The fisher folk are sleeping.

A little boat now comes to view,
And, in the path of splendor,
It seems to drift with idle oar,
To distant moon and unknown shore,—
Till human vision, at its best,
Can scarce discern, on ocean's crest,
That tiny speck that rocks the two
To love dreams new and tender.

The stars are peeping from the blue,
The "milky way" revealing;
A row of houses, on the sand,
Like line of fronted soldiers stand;
How dimly, thro' the deepening night,
The cottage candle throws its light,
While breezes blow the curtains through—
A glimpse of home life stealing!

Some faint reflections on the deep
And to wet sands are creeping;
While, from the light within the tower
Whose steady glare reveals its power,
A path of red on land and sea,
Where waves make sweetest melody,
Reflects and soothes the mermaid's sleep
Its hourly night watch keeping.

O beauteous evening! Peace above,
O'er sea and shore is falling;
On such a calm and glorious night
The human heart is nearer right;
God seems so great, and Heaven so fair,
That man and earth can not compare;
On night like this, the souls that love
Are roused to higher calling.

PEACE.

When we ask the reason why,
And we question: "Is it right?"
When we search for hidden truths,
Praying for the needed light;

When our way looks long and lone,
And the sky seems dark o'erhead;
When our blessings all are gone,
And the sorrows come instead;

Then, like sunlight thro' the gloom,
Comes the peace for which we prayed:—
"Let not your heart be troubled,
Neither let it be afraid."

SHE SLEEPS.

"She sleeps," they said;
With noiseless tread
They pass their way;
She will awake,
At morning break,
In endless day,

"She sleeps," they said;
Some tears are shed
From loving eyes;
To-day she sings,
With King of kings,
In Paradise.

One stands apart,
With breaking heart,
From all the rest;
His grief appears
Too great for tears,—
To weep were best.

"She sleeps," they said
Around her head
The sunbeams play;
When all are gone
One lingers long
Who wills to stay.

He calls her name
And loves the same
 As when in life;
With paling cheek
He bids her speak,—
 His promised wife.

Alone are they;
What can he say
 That she may hear?
He takes her hand,—
She'll understand
 When he is near.

He sees the smile
And waits awhile
 With bated breath;
But lips speak not
Her loving thought,
 Whose seal is death.

Around her face,
In girlish grace,
 Falls silken hair;
Her dear eyes close
Yet well he knows
 The soul light there.

His own is she;
On bended knee

Once more he prays:—
“Dear Father give,
While I shall live,
Strength for my days;

Help me to be
As pure as she;
And then at last
Unite us two
In Heaven, with You,
When life is past.”

AFFLUENCE.

If you want both fame and money
You will do just as you can ;
If you do not care for either
 You can do just as you will ;
And, among the moving masses,
He will be the wisest man
Who adopts these words of counsel
 That shall help him up life's hill.

If you wish to be to-morrow
What you cannot be to-day,
You must make the most of moments
 While to-day is passing by ;
If you would do in the future
What you really wish, and pray,
Do at present what you can do
 And be happy while you try.

Should you lose both fame and money
You will prosper all the more,—
For you'll have an education
 That shall loose you from your chains
And enable you to master
What you could not learn before,—
How to utilize resources
 And rely upon your brains.

CHRIST DIVINE.

Never can I forget Thee, Christ divine,
Never grow weary of this love of Thine,
Never deny Thee, from Thee turn away,
Nor cease to love Thee every passing day.
When storms of life are threatening very near,
Thy voice, dear Saviour, let me ever hear;
And when my sky is very clear and bright
Be Thou my sun, my never-failing light.
While I shall live, be Thou a life for me,
And when I die, my resurrection be.
When I shall enter Heavenly mansions fair,
Be Thou the first to meet and greet me there.
While, thro' the endless years of which I dream,
I touch the golden harp, be Thou my theme,
On earth, in Heaven, forevermore be mine,—
My first, my last, my only Christ divine.

IN AFTER YEARS.

Out in the grassy meadow,
As the light begins to fade,
To-day I sit in shadow,
Where in childhood hours I played.

The old stone, 'neath the maple,
The brooklet, beside the wall,
Are just as dear as ever
To this little girl grown tall.

The tinkle of bell, in pasture,
The glow of the sunset light,
Bring back those other twilights
When I drove the cows at night.

The whip-poor-will's loud singing,
In his leafy bower on high,
Recalls the times I answered
And my echo made reply.

I hear another calling,
In the branches overhead,
For years they have been many
And the young must sing instead.

Adown the little pathway
That leads to pasture bars,
I see the grasses growing,
Where the footprints numbered stars.

In place of dear old homestead
Is ruin and heap of stone ;
And tears are dimming vision,
As I think and gaze alone.

The same old tree is standing,
Where it towered years before,
With branches reaching outward,
To the low-eaved porch and door.

A hush is stealing o'er me,
Like the quiet of the night ;
I can but breathe a blessing
For the dear ones gone from sight.

Tho' feeble steps are silenced,
And the smiles no more I see,
Yet there, where Home remaineth,
They will wait to welcome me.

Alone ! and yet in dreaming
I can live and love once more
The days of happy childhood,
In the sunshine gone before.

And tho' my light is fading
And the night must come I know,
Yet the sunbeams will be stealing
Thro' the rifts of long ago.

FAITH.

Faith is needed every day,—
Faith to work and faith to pray;
Faith to learn and faith to teach,
Faith to practice, faith to preach;
Faith to love and faith to charm,
Faith to quicken, faith to calm;
Faith to bless and faith to chide,
Faith to follow, faith to guide;
Faith to prove and faith to know,
Faith to stay and faith to go;
Faith to urge and faith to keep,
Faith to waken, faith to sleep;
Faith to do and faith to dare,
Faith to bear and faith to share;
Faith to bind and faith to break,
Faith to give and faith to take;
Faith to stand and faith to yield,
Faith to heal, faith to be healed,
Faith to pardon, faith to seek,
Faith to listen, faith to speak;
Faith to wait and faith to try,
Faith to live and faith to die.

UNITED EFFORT.

Working unaided, striving alone,
Effort is fruitless and triumph unknown;
Single endeavor, battling with sin,
Loses the laurels union can win.

Working together, trusting in God,
Effort united will merit reward;
Pledging allegiance triumph is sure,
Union is mighty, strength will endure.

Under our motto forces unite,
Fearless and loyal they pledge for the Right:
Onward to victory, summon the rest!
Christ is our Leader, Union is best.

MY SOUL.

My soul is filled with music
Like the music of the sea;
And it takes both storm and sunshine
To awake it's melody.

My soul is often tempted,
But from God it ne'er can part
While the heavens shall bend above me
And the Muses touch my heart.

THE TEXT.

The song may be the sweetest,
And the story be the best,
The sermon most effectual,
And the poem well expressed;

But the text, it's inspiration,
That the mind retains when heard,
May be a line at longest
Or perhaps a single word.

ETHEL.

[In Memoriam.]

Before the little feet had weary grown
With toiling up life's path from day to day,
The Master sent an angel from His home
To show our baby girl the nearer way.

Before the tiny hands were clasped in prayer,
To ask of Him—as often seemeth best—
To lighten burdens sometimes hard to bear,
Those hands were folded in eternal rest.

Before the baby eyes, so blue and bright,
Had o'er life's lessons oft' been known to weep,
The Saviour filled them with a Heavenly light,
And closed them, for a little while, in sleep.

Before the little heart could know a sadness,
Such as is ours who wait with falling tears,
He stilled its pulsing—hushed it into gladness—
No griefs to bear thro' all the coming years.

Before the baby soul had known a wrong,
Or tempted been by sins of earth below,
'Twas winged to Heaven, by angels' sweetest song,
Pure and unspotted as the drifted snow.

Home to our Master in that Land above,
Never to know a heart-ache nor a care;
Would we recall her, whom we truly love,
To earthly home from Home Eternal there?

Home to our Father in that Land of Light,
Where angels guard her while we watch and pray,
Where we shall meet her if we live aright,—
For Home with Jesus is not far away ;

And when, some day, we hear our Saviour's voice,
We'll breathe to Him above a thankful prayer,
And hearts, once filled with sorrow, will rejoice
That those we love are waiting for us there ;

And when Heaven's gracious gate is opened wide
To show, to gladdened souls, Eternal Day,
A child, with sunny hair, will stand beside,
To sing a welcome and to lead the way.

Not long we wait,—our baby goes before,
Spared from the sorrows which life here doth
give,—

Happy with Jesus on that Heavenly Shore,
Where those He loves forevermore may live.

Thro' patient toil we'll reach that Better Land
Where now our darling finds her sweetest rest,
And then I think that we shall understand,—
And say, with happy hearts, that God knows best.

LOVE'S ROSES.

When love 'woke from slumber,
At the dawn of day,
Roses without number
Bloomed upon his way ;

But when noonday splendor
With her sunlight stayed,
Roses, young and tender,
Soon began to fade.

When the night winds sighing
'Round Love's portals play,
Rose leaves, crushed and dying,
Soon will blow away.

INFLUENCE.

The whole vast pyramid, Humanity,
Is built on Influence, an unseen power,
Whose great foundation stone is laid at start,
Upon which rises day by day a part;
Until the whole, imperfect though complete,
Awaits the Judge at close of life's brief hour.

Like swallows who have found a summer sun,
And frozen buds which wake to springtime light,
So starved Humanity, which seeks awhile
The warmth and light of earth's most friendly smile,
Bursts into fuller life and glories new
By strength of influence daily used aright.

As song of bird invites to melody
Some other soaring songster of the air,
Until a chorus, wakened far and near,
Fills quiet hour with music and with cheer,
So playful Zephyr may Æolus wake
To scatter clouds and make the earth more fair.

As raindrop falling to a fainting field
May summon forth a sweet, refreshing shower,
So little words may speed on loving wings,
Till earth awakes and all the glad world sings;
Till fainting hearts revive and souls are saved,
By needed influence of cheer and power.

If life with Socrates could make man wise,
If Aristides could make mortal just,
Then life with Christ can make a Christlike man,
Who lives, reflecting Christ, as best he can;
Whose nature is o'ertaken, sanctified,
Whose influence ensures a sacred trust.

The spell of Christ-life, deepening o'er the soul,
Refines and softens conduct, speech, and mind;
And what men think, and feel, and do, and say,
Will make the earth less hopeful or more gay,—
Will show a daring demon to the world,
Or prove the loving God to mortal-kind.

LIFT UP THY HEART.

Lift up thy heart,
The day is bright,
There is no need of sighing;
Do well thy part,
Ere falls the night,
Be happy in the trying.

Fear not the way,
God knows it all,
His love is ever guiding;
Be true to-day,
And hear His call,
In faith and works abiding.

Look not before,
Nor yet behind,
The present is thy blessing;
Doubt Him no more,
But gladness find,
His gracious gifts confessing.

Lift up thy heart,
And like a King
Rule o'er it, faithless never;
Do well thy part,
Till earth shall sing,
And Heaven be thine forever.

TWO PATHS.

When eastern skies are bathed in mists of gray,
And all the heralds of the night are gone,
I watch two shadows, moving o'er the way,
Beyond the dim, uncertain light of morn.

Adown the years they come, like fleeting dreams,—
No sound disturbs the hush of daylight fair,
Save song of bird, or many murmuring streams,
Like sweetest music filling all the air.

Near, and yet nearer, till each sunlight ray
Reveals no shadows, as they onward glide,
But two young friends, upon life's unknown way,
Eager to journey o'er a path untried.

Youth knows no fear; the day is near at hand
And Mother Earth breathes forth a welcome sweet;
Thus do they wander o'er the sun-lit land
Until they come to where the two paths meet.

They pause a moment, in their eager flight,
Uncertain which to take upon the way;
But choose the path now filled with morning light
Where flowers bloom and gentle zephyrs play.

Now Pleasure points the way to paths unknown,
The prospect brightens, as new scenes appear;—
The world invites them,—they are not alone,
But join a moving throng, who know no fear.

To one, a still voice comes,—a breath, a prayer,
Breathed by a brother, in life's changing day;
And, gazing up, he leaves the valley fair
To seek that other path,—the surer way.

He climbs the height; the vale beneath him lies,
And angels guide his faltering steps aright;
To gain the summit manfully he tries,—
Above he sees the day's eternal light;

But looking downward, to the valley fair,
Where, in youth's morn, his weary feet have trod,
He sees his fellow traveler lingering there
And, in his strength, he leads him up to God.

Happy is he who finds the heavenly way
And lends to doubting souls a helping hand;
God's light directs him, step by step, each day,—
God's glory waits him in the Promised Land.

STEADFASTNESS.

We never know what we can do,
Until we try ;
He who accomplishes the least,
Stands idly by ;
While he who makes the most of life,
Keeps plodding on,
And earns at least his perfect rest
When strength is gone.

We never know what we can do,
Until we dare ;
He who would gain the victor's place,
Must not despair ;
For tho' life's burdens seem too great,
The way too long,
He will succeed who conquers doubt
By prayer and song.

VOLUME ONE.

How beautiful is youth that grandly gleams
With bright illusions and aspiring dreams!
Book of beginnings, such as Fiction paints,
With model heroines and hero saints.

Each precious page with expectation teems,
Filling the mind as rain-drops fill the streams;
Sweet and refreshing as the summer shower
And adding charms to every passing hour.

Each coming chapter with a new hope beams;
But how 'twill end the wisest little dreams;
And when, at last, the book of Youth is done
A less romantic sequel is begun.

HAPPINESS-KILLERS.

We are crossing little bridges
That we never reach at all;
We are climbing mighty mountains
That are not upon our way;
We are looking for a twilight
While the morning sunbeams fall,
And the troubled thoughts of future
Take the gladness from to-day.

We are losing Nature's glories,
Which are meant for us to see;
We are finding weeds and grasses
Where the pretty flowers grow;
We are looking for the storm clouds
Which perchance may never be,
And we quite forget the sunshine
Which to-day is ours below.

We are filling life's brief season
Full of worry and regret,
And the thoughts of past and future
Rob the present of its best;
And the happiness of others
We perchance do oft forget.
Past regret and future worry
Banish peace and conquer rest.

Life is ours! The day is passing,
And the Present is our all;
Past has gone, and future cometh
In the moments one by one.
If to-day we do our duty,
Love the Saviour, hear His call,
Earth will bless and Heaven receive us,
And His words will be: "Well done."

RECOMPENSE.

Not he who sins, but he who does God's will
Finds, in life's cup, some added sorrows still;
Not he who soars to heights of rank and fame,
But he who climbs, is he who bears Christ's name;
Not he who wins, but he who daily tries
Shall best deserve the joys of Paradise.

WHY?

Why do I love thee and how do I know
That thou art the dearest of all to me?
Why do the moments, wherever I go,
Seem brighter and better because of thee?

Why, mid the work of the long, weary day,
Are burdens of life more easy to bear?
Why pause I so often, upon life's way,
To ask God's blessing for thee in prayer?

Why does my soul, once so tempted and sad,
Awaken to thoughts both noble and pure?
Why does the loving thee make my heart glad,—
God seem the nearer and Heaven the more sure?

Why, in my dreaming, thy voice do I hear,
Thy face do I see, and feel thy caress?
Why, dreaming or waking, seemeth thou near,
To soothe, to comfort, to help and to bless?

I pass others by, in the crowded street,
Whose faces, it may be, are fair as thine,
Yet thine, thine only, to me is most sweet,—
Thou only canst waken this love of mine.

Another's low word and sweet, winning smile,
Tho' sought by many, when given to me
I dare to confess can charm for awhile,
But love meaneth more and I love but thee.

I hear other voices, see other smiles,
But hearing and seeing bringeth unrest;
Laughter and music the evening beguiles,—
Thy voice and thy smile for me are the best.

Why do I love thee? Ask God why he gave
To thee, and thee only, that power divine
My heart to touch and my soul to save,
And then I can answer why thou art mine.

Why do I love thee? Ask God to reveal
Why He hath made thee so unlike the rest;—
True and unselfish, perchance thou mayest feel
That I have good reason for loving thee best.

Art thou the dearest one? Love can but show
That thou art the dearest, ideal of mine;
Knowing, I love thee; and loving, I know;
To know and to love are the gifts divine.

CLASS ODE, — 1885.

We sail far out to sunset's light beyond,
On Life's most restless and most fitful deep;
Where tempests rage and storms do oft abound,
And waves and billows care not long to sleep.
In Ocean's lap most priceless pearls we've found,
And gathered them as onward we have passed;
We deemed the work but pleasure and reward,
Rare treasures that in years to come would last.

Life's dark blue waters cannot be recrossed
O'er which we passed so joyfully each day;
For youth and pleasure can not always last,
And Duty bids us hasten on our way.
We know that here our voyage together ends
And each alone must earn his own reward;
But through the storms and sunny days alike
We shall be guided by the hand of God.

To-day we all must bid a fond farewell;
We know henceforth our lives apart must be,
Until we cross the deep that lies before,
To be no longer tossed on life's rough sea.
And when beyond the ever-changing waves
We anchor on that shining Heavenly shore,
May we, who linger now to say: "Farewell,"
United stand to part again no more.

TWO SIDES.

The clouds that float above
Each have two separate sides,—
One toward the earth below,
The other toward the sun;
And when we see our lives,
Which God in goodness guides,
Upon the darker side
He sees the brighter one.

Some day we shall behold
The side that He can see,
And we shall praise His name
For blessings that are ours;
Till clouds shall all disperse,
And life shall grander be,—
Refreshed like mother earth
When sunshine follows showers.

THE CHANGING CURRENT.

A river runs upon its way
Thro' fertile fields and meadows gay ; —
Among the sweetly-scented bowers,
And where the sunlight soothes the flowers.
It dances merrily along
And sings sweet Solitude a song ;
But ere it meets the distant shore,
Its current changes more and more ;
The stones that in its course now lie
It must rush over or pass by ;
And while it meets them one by one
Dark clouds obscure the shining sun ;
The sparkling waters lose their charm,
No more to frolic free from harm ;
For threatening storm has come at last, —
The river rushes madly past
Thro' cities and thro' distant towns,
As tho' it would escape its bounds ;
But storm will cease and mists will clear
Till hidden sun shall reappear,
And that same river, calm and free,
Shall flow in fullness to the sea.
Thus runs the current of my life
Thro' sun and shade, in calm and strife ;
At first among the flowers gay
It sparkles freely on its way ;
But while it sings its happy song,

And glides so peacefully along,
The obstacles and clouds appear
To hinder and deprive of cheer.
When all the barriers have been passed,
And threatening storms have ceased at last,
My life, more full, and calm, and free,
Shall end it's course beyond the Sea.

SLEEP.

When sunset light has faded from our sight,
And darkness comes to tell us of the night,
We sleep, refreshed from earthly care and sorrow,
To waken to another hopeful morrow.

When sun and stars shall no more please our sight,
And darkness comes to tell us of the night,
We sleep, unmindful of earth's joy and sorrow,
To waken to a never-ending morrow.

LIFE'S DAY.

When the morn has breathed her story,
 And the noon of life is past,
 When the sunset's deepening glory
 Fills the waiting soul at last;

Then, like sweetest music falling
 Thro' the splendors of the West,
 We shall hear the angels calling
 To a blest, eternal rest.

When the day in silence sleeping,
 Shows that earthly light has fled,
 When the heart has ceased it's weeping
 And the final prayer is said;

Then beyond life's great endeavor,
 In the stillness of the night,
 We shall wake to live forever
 And shall know God's plans are right.

A POET.

A poet took in hand his mighty pen
To move the hearts of lyric-loving men.
He wrote of prayer, not knowing how to pray;
He wrote of Heaven, not having found the way;
He wrote of fame, not having reached the goal
Where fame's great treasure thrills the seeking
soul;
He wrote of Art, and then of Nature sweet,
While Nature's flowers were crushed beneath his
feet;
He wrote of life, and human love below,
The power of which he did not, could not know.
At last, grown weary of his every theme,
A thought aroused him from his restless dream;
He seized his pen,—the inspiration grew
To tell of things he really felt and knew:
He wrote of "mother" and his "childhood days;"
Then high and low began to sing his praise.

THANKSGIVING.

Not because Thou givest me
Life from care and sorrow free

Do I thank Thee, Lord, to-day;
But because in life's dark hour,
Thou hast given peace and power
To sustain me on the way.

Not for gift of wealth or fame
Do I praise Thy kingly name

Kneeling now with grateful heart;
But for home, for friends, and health,—
Greater gifts than fame or wealth,
Blessings of my life a part.

Not because the earth is bright
With a wealth of joy and light

Do I thank Thee, Lord Divine;
But because in Home above
Life eternal speaks Thy love
And the hope of Heaven is mine.

MUSINGS.

Upon the shining sands a man once strolled;
And, looking out across the silvery sea,
He saw the waste of waters, blue and cold,
Where restless waves were climbing high and free.

He paused awhile to watch the changing tide;
But, tiring of the noise and sunlight's glare,
He sought a hidden path, and turned aside,
Where sweet wild roses scent the balmy air.

Then, growing weary as the morning passed,
He filled his hands with blossoms that he found,
And threw himself beneath an oak at last,
Whose brawny branches brushed the grassy
ground.

He bared his head; and lying 'neath the tree,
Arranging wealth of roses in his hands,
He thought that, 'bove the branches, he could see
The same blue ocean rolling to the sands.

His mind to rose thoughts turned in dreamy way,—
From untrained blossoms, blooming in the bowers,
Whose simple petals fade within a day,
Have been developed grander, sweeter flowers.

The jacqueminot and all her sisters fair,
Now clothed in colors bright and staying late,
Because of culture and a proper care
Have found a place within the garden gate.

So too with life; the untrained children we
Whose innocence shall fade within the hours,—
With thoughts, like petals, simple, pure, and free,—
And minds to be developed like the flowers.

If rightly clothed, according to God's plan,
We soon discover, ere it is too late,
That cultivation makes the grander man
Who finds a place within the Heavenly gate.

The dreamer woke; his roses, once so bright,
Had drooped and faded in the heat of day;
His rose thoughts had unfolded to the light
To bless and help him all along life's way.

SEEKING AND STRIVING.

The soul that seeks for Heavenly things,
And mounts above on tireless wings,
 Shall find them by and by ;
The soul that strives to conquer wrong,
And sings a happy trustful song,
 Shall live and never die.

SOME DAY.

Some day, not far away,
In Heaven above,
Both you and I,
Who say the last good-bye,
Shall meet and love.

Some day, beyond life's way
Of cares and tears,
Your soul and mine,
With Christ, the Soul divine,
Shall know no fears.

Some day, when others pray
With tear-stained eyes,
You'll take my hand
And we shall understand
In Paradise.

Some day, when others stay
To do life's part,
We'll reach the goal
Each standing soul to soul,—
Not heart to heart.

Some day, when others say:—
“Their lot was sad,”
We'll know the why;
In Heaven both you and I
Shall be more glad.

Some day, when earth is gay
On land and sea,
Beyond life's shore
We two, who patience bore,
Shall thankful be.

Some day,—some brighter day
Than all the rest,
Both you and I
Shall say no more: "Good-bye,"
But:—"God knows best."

THE AWAKENING.

When Earth is waking from her winter dream,
And Sunlight calls to life each sleeping stream;
When songsters shall return on joyful wings,
'Tis then the mind awakes to grander things.
Faith in our God becomes a mighty power,—
Deep rooted in the soul it grows each hour.
Hope springs to life and, like the budding rose,
Admits the light, and thus diviner grows.
Sweet Charity, the greatest of the three,
Unlocks the dormant heart with magic key,—
Then enters Joy, the ever welcomed guest,
To quiet Sorrow, and to bid her rest.
The waking Earth demands the watchful eye,
While day by day new glories round her lie.
No longer shall we sleep away the hours,
But wake to life as wake the budding flowers,—
Breathing to others, in our life's brief day,
Fragrance and beauty as they pass our way.
No longer shall we wait for better days,
But, like the bird, sing forth His endless praise,
And in the hour new hope and pleasure bring
To those who listen but care not to sing.
No longer shall we rest and vainly dream,
But wake as wakes again the living stream,
Ever to broaden as we onward go,
Bearing to thirsting souls the joys we know.

LOVE-LETTERS.

You may burn the letters, dearie,
Tho' they're written from the heart
And have made the days less dreary
While we two have been apart.

You may burn each loving letter,
Tho' the sentiment is true,
For it may be really better;—
They are meant for only you.

You may watch the glowing embers
While the ashes turn to white;
For your loyal heart remembers
Tho' my words shall pass from sight.

You can burn Love's secrets never
That my soul to yours confessed;
They, I know, will live forever
In the life that I love best.

So, my dearie, burn each token
That I've written just for you,
And accept the love unspoken
From a heart that's ever true;

For our love-light burns out never,—
It is human and divine;
We shall live and love forever,—
I am yours and you are mine.

REGRET.

There is no time, in life, for vain regret ;
The days have passed, the hours are passing yet.
Each moment wasted by regretful sigh
Will count as worthless in the by and by,
Till life itself, which God to man has given,
Will be unworthy of the peace of Heaven.
A vain regret is but an added wrong,—
It makes the past a sorrow, not a song ;
It robs the present of its very best
And fills the future with a vague unrest.
The little wrongs can never be made right
By keeping them before the human sight ;
Better it is to give them scanty space
By putting virtue in its proper place ;
Better it is to let the whole heart sing
Than let it sigh o'er one regretted thing.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Hear the mighty army,
Marching on the way,
With the banner lifted in the light.
See the Christian Soldiers,
In the ranks to-day,
As they battle ever for the Right.

Under Christ, the Leader,
Who commands them here,
They will stand united, one and all.
They will pledge allegiance,
They have naught to fear,
They will answer ever to His call.

In His Service Royal,
Theirs will be the fame;
They shall wear the laurels by and by.
On the Shore Eternal,
They will praise His name,
Where the soul shall never, never die.

A QUESTION.

What have you done to-day, dear heart,
For Jesus' sake?
Did love for Him reveal the part
To undertake?

Have you been wishing to aspire
To better things?
Has your sweet soul been lifted higher
By willing wings?

Or has it fallen from a height
So far above,
That naught can make it pure and right
Except God's love?

What have you done to-day, dear heart,—
What will you do?
Will you not wisely do the part
God gives to you?

Will you not put away the dream
That fancies fill,
And tho' your duties humble seem
Accept God's will?

SWEETEST MUSIC.

A little child, at an organ
In a room across the way,
While trying to learn his lesson
Awoke me from dreams to-day.

The exercises were simple
But he soon began to cry,
And I heard him say with feeling:
“’Tis really no use to try!”

Then the master, bending o’er him
As patiently as before,
Said: “Let me take your place, dear,
And I’ll show you how once more.”

Soon I hear instead of discord
A sweet, harmonious sound,
While the master’s skillful fingers
The musical keys have found.

Within the souls of the many
Are keys of ivory white,
Which will waken to sweetest music
If in tune and touched aright;

But how oft we hear a discord
When the wrong keys have been tried
And the amateur is playing
While the Master stands aside.

AT LAST.

A little stream that danced and played all day
 Upon its rough and ever winding way,
 Like some young child, upon his mother's breast,
 Soon neared the tide and calmed itself to rest.

A little flower that nodded here and there,
 At every passing breeze, in daylight fair,
 When sunset splendor lingered o'er the hill
 Sent forth its fragrance and at last was still.

A little bird that built her airy nest
 Nor thought in sunny hours to pause and rest,
 Sang sweeter songs to cheer the passer by
 When light was fading in the distant sky.

A man, who thro' life's day had toiled and wept,
 When life was o'er lay down in peace and slept;
 He, who had borne the burden of the day,
 Found sunset glories flooding all his way.

Peace comes from God, and rest is sure and sweet
 To those who bear life's burden and its heat;
 Sweet, starry twilight calms that manly soul
 That strives by toil to reach Heaven's distant goal.

HIS PROMISE.

Oft when the rain-drops fall,
We pray for sunlight fair;
Oft when the day is bright,
We seek the cooling shade;
Oft when the robins call,
We long for tree-tops bare;
Oft when the ground is white,
We wish that spring had stayed.

But God who ruleth all,
And keeps us in His care,
Doth plan all things aright,
Which for our good He made;
Our gifts, so poor and small,
Cannot with His compare,
And if we trust His might
His promise will not fade.

LIFE'S CRUCIBLE.

We do not cut and polish the stones
That are laid in the common wall;
We do not prune the brambles and weeds
That around our pathway fall.

We do not put into crucibles
A metal unworthy the test;
Nor do we send a man to the front
Who would not peril his best.

The vine that's pruned bears the choicest fruit,—
Necessity grinds the dull tool;
And the keenest and best instructors
Are prepared in Affliction's school.

Suffering gives us the richest thoughts
That to literature can belong;—
In poetry it strikes the sweetest note
And inspires the tenderest song.

Our troubles are but the inlets small
That shall lead to the human soul,
Thro' which the Comforter comes to heal
And to strengthen us for the Goal.

The rarest of saints are afflicted
By One who doth know what is right;
And the stars shall ever shine brightest
That contend with the darkest night.

MY CHOICE.

Not the bird that soars the highest,
Nor whose plumage is the brightest,
But the bird that sings the sweetest
Is the bird I prize.

Not the flower that blooms the tallest,
Nor whose petals are the whitest,
But whose fragrance is completest
Satisfies my eyes.

Not the brook that laughs the loudest,
Nor whose waters are the purest,
But the brook that runs the fleetest
To the mill and sea.

Not the soul that soars the quickest,
But whose faith in God is surest,
And whose record is the neatest
Is the soul for me.

ENDEAVOR.

Life's morning hour is never quite complete
If climbing upward at the break of day
We fail to show to others, whom we meet,
New glories found along the heavenly way.

If by endeavor, step by step we take,
And for another breathe a loving prayer
And lead him up to see the morning break,
We find a blessing as we journey there.

The noon of life, when sunlight floods the skies,
Is never quite so pleasing to our sight,
As when we help a fallen brother rise
And by his side direct his steps aright.

The way grows brighter as we pass along,
For not alone we seek the heights untried;
A soul is breathing us a thankful song—
The weary one is toiling by our side.

The twilight of the life God gives us here
Is never quite so filled with peace and rest
As when we journey on with naught to fear,
'Tho' sunset light is fading in the west.

The night comes not to those who look above,
For on the summit soon they all shall stand,
Who leave the vale and seek the Father's love,
Which bids them welcome to the promised land.

Thus by endeavor—step by step each day
We climb above, where other feet have trod,
And leading others up the heavenly way
Find rest and day eternal with our God.

SERVICE.

If you love and trust the Saviour
You can find enough to do;
His good deeds and His compassion
Will be done and felt by you.

His great aims will all be cherished
If with Him you're really one;
Can you think of Christ as idle
While so much remains undone?

His self-sacrificing spirit
Will be exercised by you;
And your faith will aid you ever
While love guides and makes it true.

Faith and love that work together
Will turn drudgery into joy;
And make every service easy
That doth trouble and annoy.

Love will show where service waits you
Tho' it be but word or song;
Faith will prompt you how to do it
Be the service short or long.

You can never be discouraged
While the two together blend;
Joined to faith, love meets all trials
And endureth to the end.

You can leave the lower places,
And mount upward every day;
Winning character exalted
If you faithfully work and pray.

You can reach the best attainments
Doing service that you find;
And a worthier example
You can leave to all mankind.

CROWNING LIGHT.

There is a Land, beyond the gloomy sky,
That needs no earthly light for its adorning;
Where God's own children nevermore shall die,—
A home of perfect peace and endless morning.

We cannot see the City's shining towers,
But truths divine proclaim the wondrous story,—
On earth the cross, in Heaven the crown is ours,—
While Gates ajar reveal an inner glory.

NONCE.

To-day is here; to-morrow's dawn
Perchance thou may'st not see;
The noon-tide of another day
May come, but not for thee.

The sun at even'-tide may glow
Upon yon mountain height,
And pause to bless the Mother Earth
Before he sinks from sight;

And yet for thee no earthly light,
No sunset glow at home,
No shadows of life's twilight hour,—
No silent night may come.

Thou knowest not; the "brighter days"
May never come to thee;
The future is thy present time
Formed from life's yesterday.

Thou can'st not look beyond this hour
To trace what may befall;
But now is the accepted time
To serve the Lord of all.

To-day then do the good thou canst,
And brighten home with love;
Then shall thy soul more brightly shine
In Heaven, the Home above.

Thy blessings oft are in disguise,—
What seems to be a sorrow
May be the shades of deepening night
Before a brighter morrow.

THE GOAL.

Each day we are grow older,
Years swiftly pass away;
And the world seems strangely colder,
The heart itself less gay.

The hopes that are brightly dawning,
The joys that oft are ours,
Shall vanish, in life's fair morning,
Like dew-drops on the flowers.

Youth's rosiest tints of splendor,
Are fading fast from sight;
And the trusting heart more tender,
In patience waits the night.

Like the athlete growing weary,
No more we run the race;
But near to the victors cheery
We seek a resting-place.

Just beyond the passing pleasure,
And thought of added years,
We can see Heaven's greater treasure,
Which satisfies and cheers.

An eternal light is dawning,
To penetrate the gloom;
In life's more radiant morning
Peace waits beyond the tomb.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

What is the secret of discontent
That never for human hearts was meant,
And why the needless agitation
That tries a soul and taunts a nation?

A discontent would never be known,
An agitation would ne'er be shown,
If things that are simply prosy and real
Would correspond with the high ideal.

GRANDMOTHER.

Grandmother sits in her high-backed chair,
A snowy cap hides her soft gray hair;
And while her needles fly in and out
We wonder what her thoughts are about.
Beside the chair stands an antique bed,
With its modern draperies overhead,
While, close to the wall, and near at hand
Is the newly polished, square-topped stand.
Within its drawer lies her camphor-bag,
Some spicy cubebs and sugared flag,
Tomato cushion, of gaudy red,
A bit of wax, for her sewing-thread,
Some slippery elm, in a corner dark,
Scattered fragments of cinnamon bark,
The golden ear-knobs, and powder puff,
Near a little box of scented snuff,
A baby's picture, with dimpled face,
And a lock of hair, in its broken case.
On its top is her bible, worn by age,
With its faded book-mark and penciled page.
The faithful clock, with its quaint, carved door,
Reaches the ceiling and meets the floor.
A chest of drawers, with handles of brass,
Stands just across from the gilt-framed glass,
And is reflected in all its pride;
While on its top, upon either side,
Whose fancy the modern mind might suit,

Stand the gypsum dishes of painted fruit.
Near an open fireplace, neatly swept,
The box of kindling-wood is kept;
While across the andirons polished bright,
A log lies ready for heat and light.
Beside the dust-pan and well-worn wing
The brass topped fire-tongs and shovel swing;
On the hearth-stone gray, 'neath the chimney high,
The useful bellows in waiting lie.
The "mantle-place" holds the candle-sticks
And silver snuffers for lighted wicks.
While, near to the match-safe, just between,
An apple filled with cloves is seen.
Grandmother rocks as she knits her sock,
To-day her thoughts are too deep for talk,—
She lives once more 'neath a cloudless sky,
And dreams again of the days gone by.
In her cherished dream she can seem to see
The dear old house as it used to be,
With its clapboards white, its blinds of green,
And the tiny window-panes between;
And lingers there for a little while,
Ere the modern workman changed its style.
She sings to her babies the old time song,
And hopes that "father" will come ere long;
She moves her chair to the waning light
To watch the glow of the sunset bright,
And looks for a few, pale evening stars
While the cows come home thro' the pasture bars.

She lights the candles, and smoothes her hair,
And breathes for her loved ones a silent prayer;
Then goes to her work with happy heart,
Cheerfully doing the house-wife's part;
And once again she can seem to feel
The well known move of her spinning-wheel.
As she fondly dreams of those days of yore
She hears a whisper beside her door;
Then close to her side the children creep:—
“Why, Grandma has fallen fast asleep!”
She hears one say, as they tip-toe out:
“I wonder what she's dreaming about.”
Little they know what memories arise
When Grandmother thinks with half-closed eyes.

DILIGENCE.

He who cannot do to-morrow
Better than he does to-day
Is a creature of dishonor
And a failure all the way.

From to-day's accomplished labor
Comes the morrow near at hand,
Just as yesterday's completion
Brought to-day's ambitions grand.

All the past is antiquated,—
Useful but for present guide,
And if followed makes the future
All that has been hoped and tried.

He who will not wisely labor
For the Present that is here,
Rather than prefer past pleasures
Or a future's coming cheer ;

Is, among the world's great workers,
But a tramp, whom few can trust,
Who destroys the best of morals
Or is held in sheer disgust.

Happy hearts and willing workers
Make this earth a better place,
And receive the Father's blessing,
When they see Him face to face.

THE BABY.

Within his little crib the baby lies ;
And 'neath the lashes of his closing eyes
I catch a glimpse of summer's bluest skies.

His tiny head, upon its pillow white,
Is crowned with curls, like sunshine fair and bright,
Half hidden now from his admirer's sight.

His cheek, soon flushed in a refreshing sleep,
Is like the petal of a wild-rose deep,
While in and out the pretty dimples peep.

His rose-bud mouth, in such an hour as this,
Invites the pleasure of a loving kiss,
Which even strangers could not take amiss.

His tiny teeth are like the precious pearls
And, when his lip in childish laughter curls,
They shine, as perfect as a baby girl's.

His shapely ears, like sea-shells pink and small,
Which soon discern the mother song and call,
Can quickly hear the slightest sound of all.

His little nose, not yet in proper style,
Which mother models every little while,
Is quite enough to make a critic smile.

His dimpled hands, unlike the restless feet
Securely pinned within his blanket neat,
Oft find a place outside the snowy sheet.

When baby sleeps the house is hushed and lone;
His rubber playthings to the floor are thrown,
While patient pussy seeks her peace unknown.

When baby wakes the house is filled with joy;
His lusty cries no loving heart annoy,
While mother runs to take her darling boy.

GOD'S LOVE.

Like a star, whose beams are brighter
When skies are dark above,
So shines, in night of sorrow,
The light of God's great love.

We may not see its lustre,
While heads are bowed in prayer,
But looking just above us
We find its glories there.

Our tears may dim the vision
And we may question why;
But some day He will answer
Where souls shall never die.

Above the gathering shadows,
Beyond the gloom of years,
God's star will shine forever,
Undimmed by Sorrow's tears.

Some day, when He shall lead us
To our eternal rest,
We'll know life's hidden meaning
And we shall say: "'Twas best."

RELEASE.

Fear not to die, but rather fear to live,
For death is not so grave a thing as life;
The soul that God to mortal man did give
Shall some day be exempt from earthly strife,
And from its narrow prison cell at last
It shall go forth the glorious light to see,
When chains are loosened, which now hold it fast,
By Death, the warden, who shall set it free;
And it shall live thro' all the days and years
To know the peace of sunny Paradise,
No more to be the slave of doubts and fears,
Nor suffer failure when escape it tries.
Earth's blossoms die, but from the falling seeds
Shall live again the pure and treasured flowers;
And thus we die, but loyng words and deeds
Shall be immortal like this soul of ours.

EASTER.

[To M. M. M.]

'Twas Easter evening and the church
Was filled with a waiting throng,
To listen to Easter Service
With its flowers, its light and song.

The organist, by the altar,
Touched the pretty ivory keys
And sent, thro the house of worship
The sweetest of melodies.

Just as the notes were ceasing,
And the people arose for prayer,
A little maid came softly in
And seated herself by the stair.

The service was just beginning,
She had never entered before;
But while passing had heard the music
And seen bright lights from the door;—

So she thought: "I'll look in a moment,
To see what it all is about,—
And perhaps—if I steal in softly
That no one will find it out."

She saw all the people standing
With heads bowed down in the light,
And she heard the words: "Our Father,
Bless this service here to-night."

When the good man ceased his speaking
And each one had taken seat,
Again the notes from the organ
Thro' the stillness sounded sweet.

A little girl came to the altar,—
“No older than I am”—she thought;
She was dressed in snowy whiteness,
In her hands sweet flowers she brought.

She spoke of the Christ—our Saviour,
In her pretty childish way;
She said: “The Lord is risen
And he walks with men to-day.”

“He loves us—He died to save us,”
Said the little maid in white—
“He went to the Home above us,
To Heaven where there is no night.”

And the little girl by the stair-way
In her tattered gown of red,
Listening, heard the story sweet
And treasured the words she said;

And she wondered, as she listened,
If the Saviour did truly care
For one so small and neglected
As she, sitting down by the stair.

And while she looked at the flowers
And heard the grand organ play,
And sweet voices of the children
Now telling of Easter day;

Her little heart grew lighter,
She said: "I'm alone no more
For Christ, who loves the children,
Is my Father now gone before."

When the Easter Service was ended
She wended her way alone
Thro' the streets of the great city
To the garret, her only home.

As she climbed the narrow stair-way,
Unlighted by cheering ray,
Her little heart kept singing
The songs of glad Easter day;

And the woman, who kept the lodging,
Heard the little maiden come
And asked, in her gruffest manner,
What kept her so long from home.

"'Twas the Easter Service, madam,
And the words" — she made reply;
"I'm not an orphan any more
For my Father dwells on high."

“See! I’ve brought you an Easter lily .
All snowy, and pure, and white,
Which a lady dropped in passing
Ere her coach wheeled out of sight.”

“I almost know you’ll like it
For ’tis part of the Easter day,
And the children spoke of the lilies
In the verses they had to say.”

When all was still in the lodging
And the rest were sleeping below,
Unmindful of Christ, the Saviour,
Who died for them long ago ;

Then this loving little maiden,
Away from all human sight,
Knelt down, in the dingy garret,
To thank God for Easter night.

EMINENCE.

Side by side the mountains rise
Toward the blue of distant skies ;
But tho' roots may interlace
And each base is joined to base,
Till the friendly trees incline
And their branches touch and twine,
Yet, while aging day by day,
They part union on their way
Till the welcome sunlight seeks
To crown insulated peaks.

Side by side the great men rise
Towards the heights of brighter skies ;
But tho' minds together blend
And each friend is joined to friend,
Till their spirits interchange
And their thoughts have fullest range,
Yet while aging day by day,
They diverge upon life's way
Till Young Genius claims his own
And they choose to soar alone.

THE HERE AND THERE.

By courtesy of Ladies' World, New York City.

The Here and There are not so far apart,
As oft' they seem to Sorrow's waiting heart ;
The waking love that Here no more shall sleep
Will There the souls in perfect union keep.
God does not mean, tho' Heaven be bright and fair,
To break the strands between the Here and There.
The heart that loves shall love beyond the skies ;
The soul that lives shall live in Paradise.
We know that He in joy and peace will keep
Our own and His until we fall asleep.
The same sweet smile, the loving face so fair,
But glorified, awaits our coming There.
To those who trust and patiently endure,
He gives them back, bright, beautiful and pure.
They are not lost to such as you and me
But still shall love us thro' Eternity ;—
And from temptation and from earthly care
Shall lead us upward to the Heavenly There.

AIR CASTLES.

Sometimes I dwell not here—
 But far away,
Where not a breath disturbs
 My fondest dream;
Where, loitering at ease,
Myself alone I please
And sing my soul good cheer
Within my castles fair,
That I have built in air,
 Above Time's stream.

Outside, like haunting ghosts,
 The clouds appear,
But noiselessly pass by
 Each bolted gate;
Around my castle walls,
The hush of moon-light falls,
While, like the armed hosts,
With torches flashing bright,
The stars come out at night
 To celebrate.

'Tis bliss to dwell like this,
 In airy heights,
Above the common crowd
 And earthly din;

Where all the livelong day,
With my best self I stay
And naught of glory miss;
Where neither friend nor foe,
To pity or bring woe,
Can enter in.

Who dares uplift a latch,
Like thief at night,
To scatter treasured hopes
And steal my store?
Who darkens my domain
Where I, an empress, reign,
While subjects wait dispatch?
Away, ye dread Despair!
To castles in the air
Still let me soar.

LITTLE JOE.

He stands in crowded city street,
Poor, tired, little Joe,
And sees the people pass and meet
While moments come and go.

He holds sweet flowers in his hand,
Poor, patient, little Joe,
And wonders who can understand
His poverty and woe.

“Please won’t you buy my blossoms bright?”
Cries hopeful, little Joe,
While daylight fades and sunset light
Floods stirring streets below.

But no one lingers, no one cares
For homeless, little Joe;
When mother breathed his name in prayers
He was too small to know.

When father took him on his knee,
Dear, little baby Joe,
He used to crow in childish glee
But that was long ago.

The night grows dark, and no one hears
Poor, heartsick, little Joe;
He puts his flowers away with tears
And turns his foot-steps slow.

He passes mansions grand and tall,
Poor, homesick, little Joe,
And hopes that men within the hall
Will gifts of love bestow.

Sometimes he stops to watch the lights,
Poor, lonely, little Joe.
And sees some whirling, dazzling sights
While dancers come and go.

In homes he hears the child-like noise,
Poor, orphaned, little Joe,
And wonders if their little boys
To great, good men will grow.

He seeks, at last, a sheltering shed,
Poor, hungry, little Joe,
And makes, of tattered coat, a bed,
While tear-drops freely flow.

And: "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Says drowsy, little Joe,
"And pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
He whispers, soft and low.

"If I should die before I wake,"
Breathes tired, little Joe,
"I pray the Lord my soul to take,"
And it was even so.

